

REGISTER



**Winter
Issue**



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here	3
Before The Light Goes Out	7
Fool	9
... Was He?	11
Uneasy Rests The Head	14
Review: Mingus Modes	16

VERSE

The Course of Man	6
Out on a Limn	10
Seascape	13
Epiphany	18
Rêverie	23
Dawn	30

FEATURES

Editorials	19
Lords and Masters	20
Something of Interest	21
Sports	24
R. R. R.	29

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HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Brian McGunigle '64

FOUR DARK figures, illuminated only by the dull glow of a late October moon, moved at an even pace along the top of a concrete sea wall. Below them stretched a long, winding strip of white beach, dotted here and there by mooring posts from which lines extended out over the black waters to boats, invisible in the darkness. Far out in the bay the bell on a buoy rang faintly, heard only occasionally over the sound of the wind sweeping along the beach.

A Fall night in a summer-resort community has a singular desolateness about it. Houses along the beach front stand boarded up and empty, black masses outlined indistinctly by a dim moon. The few scattered lights, in homes of year-round residents, do little to diminish the overall atmosphere of loneliness, bleakness, and isolation.

The four figures on the concrete wall counted ten boarded up houses for every lighted one they passed as they walked slowly toward the dock. They were silent, intent on keeping their footing on the precarious ledge above the sand. When they had started walking along the wall about a half mile down the beach, they had barely been able to distinguish the small light at the far end of the dock. Now they were less than fifty yards away.

They reached the near end of the dock and began walking out over the water to its farther end, where the light, shining yellow against an almost totally

black background, revealed the figure to be four teenage boys, the smallest of whom carried a black case.

The raft and the gangway at the end of the dock had been removed from their summer positions and pulled up on the beach about October first. Boards had been hastily nailed across the opening, next to the light pole. Here the four boys stopped and sat on the side rails of the dock, not to rest, but because they had nowhere else to go, and nothing else to do.

On one railing sat a tall, lanky boy, his back against the light pole, his face turned over his left shoulder toward the water. The view was nothing new to Bob; he lived here all year long.

"Saturday night," Bob said with a note of despair in his voice. "Saturday night."

"A lot different from the summer." The comment came from a second tall boy, an intelligent-looking youth with a crew cut and glasses.

"You going for good tomorrow, Mike" asked Bob.

"I guess so," the second tall boy answered. "My parents say it isn't worth coming down any more weekends. Everybody's gone."

"If you think it's dead now, you should see this place in February," said Don, the small boy with the black case. Don was the other year-round resident in the group.

The four of them had been inseparable during the summer and the early

fall weekends. But now as they sat on the dock on a chilly Saturday night in October, they realized that they would not meet again until the Spring. Meanwhile, each would have passed through his final year in high school, and they all knew that, somehow, when they finally got together again, things would not be the same.

Don, who had been holding the black case under his arm, lowered it carefully to the platform of the dock.

"Why did you bother bringing that thing along?" asked Mike.

"What thing?"

"The . . . ah . . . whatever it is there in the case."

"The trumpet? Well, if I left it anywhere somebody might steal it."

"Who would steal a trumpet?"

"I don't know. A trumpet thief, probably. What do you care? What are we talking about?"

"Why don't you play something," suggested Bob.

"What can you play?" asked Mike.

"You name it, I'll play it."

"Beethoven's Fifth Symphony?"

"You've got to be kidding."

"I don't care. Play what you play best."

"Anything special?"

The fourth boy, who had listened to the entire conversation in silence, said, with exaggerated slowness, "The whole operation is relatively simple, Don. You just put the trumpet in your mouth, blow through it, push the little valves up and down and music comes out the other end, as if by magic." Then he smiled and looked up at the sky.

They all laughed. Ed was a perpetual comedian. Only Don was not amused.

"Well," said Don, "since it's so easy, Ed, maybe you would like to try?"

"Oh heavens no! This is your moment of glory!"

They all laughed, except Don, who looked a little bewildered, but started playing anyway. He began with "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" and, just as Bob and Mike began to hum along, suddenly switched to "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?", shouting, "Faked everybody out!" They laughed, but not sincerely. The remark would not have been the cause for much amusement in a less bleak atmosphere.

As Don played song after song, recognizably if not well, each of the boys, sobered by two months of the senior year in high school, reflected on his future. There was something about the night, the cold, the water, the beach and the non-professional music that made serious thought appropriate for the occasion.

"That's all," Don announced after about ten minutes. "I'll quit while I'm ahead."

"You play in a school band or something?" Mike inquired.

"Yes."

"Very . . . ah . . . entertaining." Don didn't know whether Ed's remark was a compliment or not.

"What do you mean? I was great!" Don assumed an offended air.

"You were tremendous," Ed conceded, "but we don't want you to get a swollen head. Or is it 'swelled head'? Or 'swell head'? Say, you've got a swell head there. How much will you take for it?"

"You, Ed," said Bob, "are a nut."

"You, Bob," said Ed, "are absolutely right." Ed's unusual answer silenced them for a fraction of a second. Then they broke into their regular laughter.

"Who's got a watch?" asked Bob.

"It's eight-thirty," Mike answered.

"I could have gotten the car tonight," said Bob, "but where could we go? I mean, what could we do?"

"Nothing." Everybody agreed. It was a dull night.

Bob took a pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket, put one in his mouth, replaced the pack in his pocket, took a lighter from another pocket, lit the cigarette, puffed, closed his eyes and exhaled.

"Mass hypnosis," said Ed.

"Huh?" Bob had not been listening.

"'Mass hypnosis' is what I said. Tell me, why do you smoke?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why?"

"I . . . ah . . . 'm . . . well, I don't know. It's relaxing, I guess. There are times . . . when you just want to smoke a cigarette."

"That is stupid. If you didn't smoke, would there be any times when you would 'just want to smoke a cigarette'? No. Of course not. You have been made a fool of, Bob."

"What do you mean?"

"You are gullible. You have been convinced that smoking is pleasant and relaxing. Years and years of listening to the radio and television, reading papers and magazines has left an indelible imprint upon your subconscious. You now believe, you really and honestly believe, that smoking is not harmful, but on the other hand even relaxing. You have no mind of your own; you've been taken in by a conspiracy of evil people, out to make a profit at the expense of your health. At this very moment the nails are being hammered in your coffin, Bob, because you did not have the willpower to stand up and defy these unknown, unseen men who are trying to force you into a grave of menthol tips, activated charcoal and little coupons on the back!" When Ed started on a subject, he was almost impossible to stop.

"Think of it this way, Bob. Suppose some creature from another planet landed around here to report on the people of the Earth, and he took a look at you, smoking a cigarette. 'Stay away from the Earth,' he'd say. 'All the people run around with fiery torches in their mouths!'"

"What do I care about the little people from other planets?"

"Care? You won't be here to care! You'll be in a pine box! Then how will you feel about the whole thing?"

Somehow convinced of the error of his ways, Bob threw the cigarette into the water. "You made a point there," Bob said, "somewhere."

Ed smiled and looked up at the stars. "I think that's Orion," said Ed.

Don looked at Mike, who looked totally confused. "I lost that conversation somewhere along the way," said Don.

"You're insane, Ed."

"Aw gee, Mike, it was nothing." Ed looked back up at the stars. "No, I don't think it's Orion. It's something else."

Mike looked at Don and Bob, then he shrugged his shoulders. "Mass hypnosis . . . I give up," said Mike.

"What do you mean?" Ed asked.

"Were you serious?"

"Sure. It's being worked constantly today, everywhere. Drum something into somebody's head long enough and

irritatingly enough and pretty soon he'll believe it. That's the theory. I mean, nobody's being openly brainwashed or anything like that, but the process is going on subtly. It actually exists though."

"Where?" asked Mike, genuinely interested.

"Well . . . in the theory of conformity, for one example. Conformity: 'being-a-regular-fellow', 'being-a-member-of-the-group'. We face it all the time! Invisible standards to which everyone must measure up!"

"But aren't there certain moral and ethical standards which must be observed?"

"I'm not talking about moral standards. What concerns me is the prevalent opinion that to be a normal human being, you must be a happy, smiling carbon copy of every other human being. 'To smoke a cigarette is relaxing', so everyone has to smoke. 'To drive an expensive car is a symbol of wealth, breeding and taste', so everyone drives an expensive car. 'There is a certain normal system of reasoning about government' and if you differ too much you're a liberal, conservative, subversive or a Bircher. 'A pen that writes over butter is the ultimate possession you can own.' It gets comical after a while!"

"But everyone has his own free will," Don maintained.

"You yourself are conforming when you say that, Don. Even when we're conforming like crazy, we are supposed to feel that we are all individuals! It's all part of the total hypnosis!"

"Who started this 'total hypnosis' in the first place? Why is conformity such an all-encompassing thing now?" Bob inquired.

"I don't know," said Ed. "I guess it developed a long time ago and gained momentum. The great philosophers saw it growing and were against it. It seems there are no more philosophers around."

"Just you, Ed," said Mike.

"I don't claim to be an expert on the influence of conformity on the mind of man. I just notice the effects it has had around me."

"What is so bad about conformity?" asked Bob.

"Well, in a society of close conformity

it is next to impossible for anybody to express any original thoughts without exposing himself to ridicule. It's new thoughts that keep mankind moving forward, and the men with the ideas emerge as leaders. With the conformity to which we seem to be heading, there will be a total extinction of new ideas, and new leaders. You can see what conformity of social class over centuries brought Russia to. Conformity here will lead to contentedness, apathy, chaos, and who knows what else?"

"Do you have any suggestions for the improvement of mankind?" Mike inquired sarcastically.

"Look, I do not envision myself as a shining light in the darkness. I am merely stating my thoughts on what I consider a major problem. I said what I believe, and I don't very much care whether anyone else believes it. It's my philosophy."

"Excuse me," said Mike with false humbleness, "I didn't know that I was in the presence of a philosopher."

"Oh come on, let's not get into an argument," interjected Don, who sensed trouble.

"Well," began Ed, "when I said 'my philosophy' I didn't mean that I intend to go around in a sheet like the Greeks of old." Ed had intended to get a laugh with that comment, but everybody was silent. They were listening and waiting.

"I feel," he went on, "that the time has come when all of us must make some important decisions concerning ourselves, our lives, and the things we believe in. We're seniors in high school and we're entering a world situation that amounts to about one step this side of panic. In view of all this, to realize where we stand in relation to what is going on today is the first step in emerg-

ing from ignorance and gullibility to awareness and a certain amount of necessary skepticism. Think! What are you? Where are you going? Why?"

They were silent for about a minute. All four sat on the white handrails of the dock and listened to the sound of the wind and the clanging of the bell on the buoy far out in the bay. It was the end of the season, and each boy reviewed the conversation on the dock and wondered what effect it would have on their friendship in the future.

Mike stood up, turned, looked at the water and the few scattered lights along the shore. Then he said quietly, "Ed, you are probably right. This is the time for all of us to take stock of ourselves. But I'm not going to attack that problem tonight," he smiled, and added quickly, "because I've got three chapters of history to read for a test Monday."

"I know what you mean. They're really driving us hard this year," Bob observed.

"I've got to get going, too," added Don, picking up his instrument case.

The three stood and looked at Ed, who remained sitting on the handrail of the dock. He looked at each of the three boys standing in a semicircle around him. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, saying, "It can't be much past nine-thirty. The drugstore down at the square must still be open. Let's go down and get a cup of coffee or something. A person could catch cold sitting around here, and a good cold could ruin anybody's philosophy."

Everyone laughed. World tension! Mass hypnosis! Philosophy! What, they thought, are these compared to friendship?

THE COURSE OF MAN

In the shadow of Death,

In the rubble of the fevered Earth,

I saw a farmer

Pull the weeds from his garden.

— Eric J. Korn '64

BEFORE THE LIGHT GOES OUT

Martins Duhms '65

THE LITTLE gray car stopped, then slowly backed up, and after a moment's hesitation cautiously felt its way off the paved highway onto the narrow dirt road. The driver held the wheel rigidly in his one hand. His face was lined from habitual scowling. One eye was half shut and twitched nervously. From time to time he glanced at the map spread across his knees. The little country road was marked with a green pencil; there were other markings also.

The road was steadily deteriorating. Finally he stopped. This was as far as he could get by car, so he folded the map and slipped it into his pocket, secured the car and set out. He walked with a slight limp.

The sun was well advanced in its daily path. The man, now tired, rested in the shade. He stared idly at the twig in his hand, not seeing, thinking.

Six long years—seven, in fact—of being hounded. Of walking and listening. Of hearing footsteps outside the door, behind him, in the day and at night, anywhere and at any time and—but no one to be seen. Of returning home and feeling, knowing someone was waiting within—and the rooms were always empty. But were they? Of waking up at night and sensing someone watching in the dark and—the light revealed no one, no one at all. Something had happened. He knew; he had come to believe it. Only, they, the doctors, had told him it was only a matter of time. They had been right. His memory had come back slowly, eventually, but not wholly. The film had been cut, perhaps edited; there was a section where the screen went blank, but the soundtrack played on soft footsteps. To return, to seek that very spot, to stand amid the old scenery and defy the unknown! Maybe then his ordeal would end.

He got up stiffly and continued his way up the mountain path. The limp was much more noticeable now.

The flaming sun behind the darkly silhouetted trees; twilight on the mountain; darkness below. Someplace around here! The man is hurrying now, almost running. It is getting dark. Turn back? No! A chill seizes and shakes him. His hand goes to the pocket. Only the map is there. The gun is at home. "Just hallucinations; no need to carry it," the psychiatrist had said. Just the mind? Oh, doc, the sweat is real!

Cold drops were running down his back. The strength had vaporized from his legs. Turn back, you fool! There is nothing to be found there. No! It is too late. It was too late then, years ago. He drags himself forward. Every step closer and closer to . . . There it is, that cruel slag of granite, that huge stage under the sky, that altar of sacrifice for . . . There is a sound; someone is coming through the brush; the man shrinks back into the shadows.

A stranger, ragged and exhausted, stumbles into the clearing; behind him is another. Both are in uniform; one has a gun, the other does not. They advance across the large flat rock jutting out high above the river below. Something is burning down there—a house or a truck perhaps; otherwise darkness has covered the forests with her merciful blanket. But for the distant sporadic gunfire the fighting has subsided. The men are across, almost, and then the flight of a single stray shell shatters the air.

The hand holding the gun moves; slowly the eyes open. The pain of comprehension etches deeply in his face. The beaches and the lowlands, the endless months, everything! Survived that! Why now, when it is almost over? And the bitterness seeps in from the ground

and the air and doubles and triples and expands and increases and . . . His burning eyes fall on the back of the other. Dazed, yet apparently unscathed, the prisoner has lurched to his feet and blindly stumbles onward. Why not him, the enemy? The raging storm, which is the bitterness, sweeps down the arm into the hand and the trigger and the narrow confines of the barrel and there it focuses and condenses until it becomes small and hard and very deadly and then it departs. Silent darkness descends upon the mountain.

The watcher remains motionless, staring at the empty clearing. So that is the secret he had kept hidden in the dark catacomb of his mind. There is a salty taste in his mouth; he spits it out. His lip is bleeding. With decisive abruptness he turns to go and stops. Against the darkness of the trees is a patch even darker. Someone is standing there. He moves a few steps forward. A match flares in the other's hand. Recognition comes as a cruel left hook across the jaws. He waits, stunned, but nothing happens. The other stands motionless and silent, his face unseen in the dark. The silence deepens, then roars and thunders and shakes the very rock they stand on. The justifications, explanations, and excuses burst forth, mix and entangle, and end in one single animal howl of pain hurled at the vast sky. But the stranger remains silent, just watching. The impulse is strong to flee from him, to turn and run and never look back and never stop running. But, it is too late, much too late. Till now it was only footsteps and the sensation of a presence. Now it is a face. Hallucination doctor? But what are you going to do about it? What are you going to do about a guy with a bullet in the base of his neck? With an ugly laugh, he springs, and now the stranger also

moves. The struggle is quick and savage and the precipice is nearer, nearer, and then it is reached.

* * * * *

The piece of newspaper is torn and yellowed. The words on the folds are completely obliterated. It does not matter. The reader knows the content now by heart. He had read it often.

He had been just a boy then — nine or ten. Returning home one evening by the river road, he had seen high up where the cliff overhangs the river two men fighting in the moonlight. They had neared the edge, and one of them had stepped off pulling the other with him. There had been a splash and then silence, complete silence except for the nocturnal noises of the forest. He had suddenly felt a chill and not quite sure of what was going on and not quite wanting to care either, had covered the entire distance home at a dead run. Later the local newspaper was full of hypothetical facts and morbid speculation. A stranger had been found drowned.

He had told what he had seen. The officials were doubtful. Then the stranger was identified — a former mental patient. The missing piece of the puzzle had been found. With sympathetic references to the terror of war and its effect upon men, the officials registered the death as a suicide. Thus the matter passed into oblivion.

But he could not forget it. All the official information dealt with one man, just one. It haunted him, especially on nights like this. He had seen two men. His thoughts were so jumbled he felt the need to give order to them on paper. He had to have an explanation, so he invented one. Is it right? Is it true? He rubbed his eyes with the palm of a hand. He must try to get some sleep. He puts away the clipping and what he had written and puts out the light.



FOOL

Paul Rajcok '65

"I CAN'T take it any more. Oh, God; the pain! Take it away! Please take it away! I need some water. Nurse, nurse! Water!"

He was pain. His body was pain. His mind no longer controlled his body; the pain controlled it, making him writhe like some serpent cursed by God and made to crawl on its belly for eternity.

His eyes were burning coals. They were heavy beyond imagination and pressed cruelly on his brain, squeezing the very thoughts from it. They stung; they burned. They felt horribly dilated and bloodshot. He tried to close them, but the pain was too great. He forced them shut but, terrified by the demonic apparitions which danced before him, immediately opened them.

The apparitions remained. He groped at them and screamed abominable imprecations, hoping and praying that they would leave him alone—leave him alone to die. The apparitions still remained. There was a ghoulish arm, gnarled and cadaverous, hovering over him. It came near his face and then quickly withdrew, as though teasing him. The devilish arm, dismembered from some unholy creature from some unholy world, hovered over him seemingly countless ages.

"Get away! Get away! Just lemme alone; lemme die in peace—No, don't lemme die. I'm not gonna die; other people die, not me. I'm not gonna die. . . . Nurse!"

The arm, as though enraged by his outburst, exploded into a mist, which gathered itself and formed a drop of boiling water. The drop fell upon the writhing wretch, blistering his skin where it landed. It spread over his body like molten lead, scalding it, burning it, enveloping it in heat.

"Water, water!"

Another mist appeared. It formed a second drop of water. It fell on him and cooled him. He thanked God amid sobs of relief. But this drop of water was not God-sent, as he had thought; it came from some satanic monster which derived pleasure from his screams and suffering, for the drop didn't cool him but froze him. His skin blistered and cracked. He shivered. He drew his covers closer.

More horrors came. He tried to crawl deeper under his covers as he used to when the demon which had haunted his childhood dreams had come out of the closet, but he couldn't move. His brain tried to move his body, but it was powerless; it tried to give commands but got tangled in its own thoughts. Unable to solve the enigma of its helplessness, it crawled into the recesses of his cranium and hid. It was no longer master but slave.

There were faces, myriad faces — grotesque, tormenting faces, laughing at his pitiful condition, exulting in his misery, rejoicing at his horrible contortions and grimaces. The faces began to bite him; they drew blood from him and laughed raucously. The faces turned into stones, which hurled themselves upon him with ruthless ferocity.

"Oh, God, have mercy upon me."

The stones laughed at his words and hurled themselves upon him with more force. They pounded him into a pulpy mass of agony. He cried. The tears seared the skin on his face.

He prayed vehemently to God, begging Him to rid him of the accursed disease which was driving him mad.

The stones laughed again and turned

into screams, which oscillated madly, and unmercifully raised themselves to an ear-bursting pitch. His ears throbbed; his head felt as though it were going to burst. He tried to run from the screams, but they were everywhere.

The screams suddenly ceased; everything was darkness. The darkness became a book; the book was a Bible. He chased the Bible, his outstretched hands grasping for its sacred pages, which flittered through the air, always so near to his aspiring hands, yet always so far. He ran fast; his lungs ached, his heart burned, his brain throbbed.

He tripped and fell into a dark pit. The pit smelled of a pungent odor, which shot through his body like an electric current, paralyzing him. The odor flowed into his lungs. He could taste it; it burnt his mouth, scalding his tongue, his throat.

He was helpless. The odor enveloped him, strangling his life from him. He could only wait — wait for kind death to overtake him. He felt his body collapsing. His eyes blurred; his mind went blank.

The odor suddenly left. He struggled out of the pit, nearly overcome by the deadly fumes. The Bible was gone. In its place was a huge staring eye. Its stare brought the pain back to his body.

"Oh, God, I'd rather die than suffer like this! Let me die! Please, let me die!"

The eye laughed and said, "Fool, you are dead."

He was pain. His body was pain.

OUT ON A LIMN

Describe the mirroring lake and ancient farm,

The tranquil countryside and earnest church;

With words extol man's art and nature's charm,

In tribute to these joys you found in search.

Vernon Blodgett, '64

... WAS HE ?

Robert Mulholland '64

HE GOT up and started the routine. Brush teeth, wash face. Two cups of coffee, three pieces of toast, keys in pocket, down the steps, in the car. Point it at the factory. He had given up driving it a long time ago; he just pointed it.

Maybe Lewis would be sick or something today. Maybe he'd been fired, or transferred. No, he'd be there, just as he'd been there for the past four months. Norm had never had any trouble before. Nobody had even mentioned his size or his lack of hair; in fact they'd been rather nice actually. But then Lewis had come with his smooth-talking way, and turned them all against him.

"Here he comes Lew", whispered Jake Bonner, turning to the tall, hook-nosed man on his right.

"Quick tell the others", was the reply, but Bonner was already running off towards another worker.

Norm knew what was going to happen, but still he hoped that maybe just this once . . .

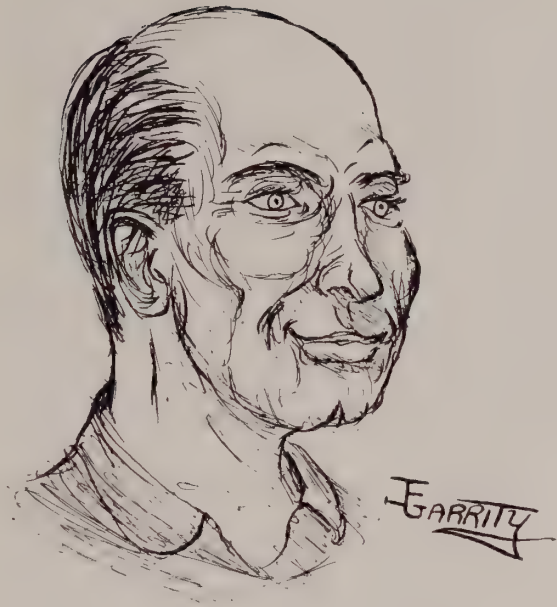
Too late. There they were, lined up and grinning stupidly, with Lewis out in front.

"Hi Fuzz", Lewis was saying, "you're just in time for today's story. It's all about your favorite hero, Fuzzy Wuzzy the Bear."

With that everybody snickered, that same detestable snicker which Norm had heard all too much in the last few months.

"Come on fellas, I'm not in the mood today."

But before the words had even been uttered, Lewis had already taken the pitch pipe from his pocket and sounded the proper note. Then, blocking the way so that Norm couldn't push by them, they began that detestable song again.



"Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear.
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair.
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy,
Was he?"

And then Lewis told his story, dramatizing it by doing a perfect imitation of Norm's waddle-like walk.

"Once upon a time in a deep, deep forest there was a little bear named Fuzzy Wuzzy. But Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't at all like the other little bears. You see Fuzzy Wuzzy was a short, round, little bear, and he had no hair. He was a bald bear."

At this point the laughter grew unbearable, and Norm covered his ears to try to drown out the sounds. It was of no use.

"All the other little animals used to come to watch Fuzzy Wuzzy at work. They would stand around and make jokes and laugh as Fuzzy Wuzzy struggled at his work. Just getting up and down was a struggle for Fuzzy Wuzzy. Fuzzy Wuzzy was a good-natured bear

though. They would make fun of him all day long, and . . ."

He paused here, looking around to be assured of full attention before he gave the punch line which followed all these little stories. Finally he drawled,

"And Fuzzy Wuzzy just laughed!"

With that the line gave way, and Norm pushed through past the fleeing faces of his fellow workers. For the rest of the day, Norm worked with his head bowed over the canning machine. He looked neither left nor right.

His thoughts drifted back to just a few months before. Jake Bonner had been his best friend then. He remembered how Jake had stuck by him at first, how he had even gotten into a fight with Lewis over Norm. But Lewis was just too smart, too fast-talking. His smooth-tongued manner must have been stronger even than Jake's friendship, because one day everything changed suddenly. It was as if Lewis had cast a magic spell over Jake. And he was one of **them**. Norm suddenly realized that that hurt more than all the kidding could ever hurt.

At the five o'clock whistle, Norm managed to slip out a side door that was usually locked. It was a misty night, and he didn't notice the two men until they were beside him. He recognized the foolish smirks of Bonner and Lewis.

"Listen Fuzz, I hope you don't take all this kidding seriously." Lewis punctuated his sentence with a hard slap on the back.

"Yea Fuzz, it's all in fun."

"Sure fellas, sure, I know." It seemed he was always agreeing with his tormentors, not through fear as much as through hope that maybe if he was friendly they wouldn't bother him.

"Well, we'll see you tomorrow morning, huh kid."

"Yeh, good night fellas."

It was not until late that night that Norm found it. When he took off his shirt, he saw taped to the back of it a large picture of a grizzly bear with its mouth open wide. The caption read "And Fuzzy Wuzzy just laughed." With a wince, Norm recalled Lewis' slap on the back a few hours before.

The next morning was a Tuesday. Sometimes they would be content to have their fun on Monday, and let him alone for the rest of the week. But as

the elevator rose, Norm could sense them up above waiting.

"All set for episode two in this week's adventures of Fuzzy Wuzzy the Bear?" Lewis began before Norm even had a chance to step out of the elevator.

"Okay everybody, sing along with Lew."

"Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear.

Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair."

"What's the matter Norm, you're not singing."

"Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy,
Was he?"

"Come on Norm, you sing this time."

And as they began another refrain, Norm had to force himself to sing along, hoping maybe then they'd leave him alone. Lewis was waving for silence.

"Now in today's episode we find our hero Fuzzy Wuzzy the Bear . . ."

At this point everybody cheered.

". . . performing some of his tricks for the other little animals. He can sit up, speak, and do just about everything. But what he does best is roll over. In fact when he starts rolling he can't stop."

The grins turned to broad smiles and the smiles to outright laughter.

"He used to roll down over hills, not stopping until he hit a steep upgrade. Then all the other little animals would run up to him, pointing and giggling. And Fuzzy Wuzzy just laughed!"

At this point the laughing grew so loud that Lewis thought an encore would be appropriate. So, placing his hands on his stomach and bending over mockingly, he shrieked,

"Yes, and Fuzzy Wuzzy just laughed!"

Norm started forward, and as always the crowd parted obligingly. They had had their fun for the time being.

It was at lunch that same day that Lewis strolled up to him all alone. The very fact that Lewis had come unaccompanied served to make Norm sense something different from the ordinary kidding.

He was right.

"Hi Norm."

"Hello Lew."

"Uh, listen Norm. I've got a little favor to ask. I don't blame you if you turn us down, but . . . uh . . . well,

you don't look like the kind of guy to hold a grudge. Well anyway, some of the guys and I were planning to go on a little bowling trip over to the Carterville alleys tonight. Turns out my car's in the garage, and none of the other guys have got cars. We . . . well . . . uh . . . we were wondering if we might borrow your car tonight. You could come along too, I mean, if you wanted to."

Norm hesitated, then spoke with just a hint of nervousness.

"I don't know Lew. I was sort of planning to use the car myself tonight."

"Oh . . . well I wouldn't want to keep you from anything."

"Yuh, there's this rummage sale downtown. I thought I might drop in there."

"Uh, that's open to midnight Norm. We could have the car back by ten. How about it?"

"How do I know what kind of driver you are though Lew. I mean I've got insurance and all that, but still . . ."

"I'd take full responsibility Norm. Me and the boys that is."

"Well . . ."

"It was Jake's idea to ask you Norm."

"Jake eh . . . Well, in that case, I . . . uh . . . Jake's going along too huh?"

"Sure, he's the team's captain."

"Well all right then Lew. You can

have the car. Better count me out though. I guess I'm not a very good bowler."

"Thanks a lot Norm. All right if we come over about six to pick her up?"

"Yeh, okay Lew."

* * * * *

It was exactly 9:45 when they entered the station house, followed closely by two uniformed policemen. The heavy-set sergeant at the desk frowned at them.

"What have we here?"

"Oh, they grabbed a car, and went for a joy ride to Carterville. Mind if this guy uses the phone here. He's been screaming to make a call ever since we picked 'em up. Claims it couldn't possibly have been this Norman Dunsteen guy that reported the theft. Says he lent them the car."

"Be my guest."

Lewis picked up the phone book and thumbed through it nervously until he found the number. He dialed and listened to the phone ring three times before the receiver at the other end was lifted off the hook.

"Norm, this is Lew. Look we're in serious trouble. Somebody called the police and said we **stole** your car. You gotta come down here right away Norm. . . . Norm? . . . Norm!"

And Fuzzy Wuzzy just laughed.

SEASCAPE

Stand upon a lonely cliff

And watch the timeless sea.

Watch it seethe and boil

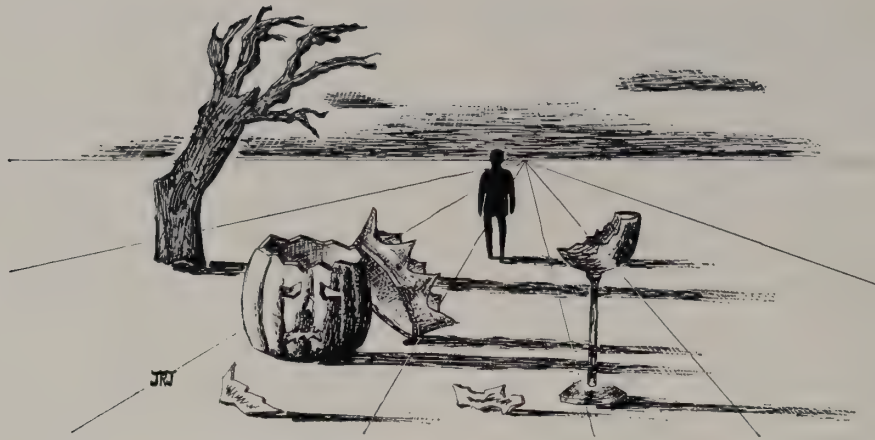
And rage against the sand.

Watch it tear the land apart

And bury the earth in its depths.

Then, small speck, turn and pray to God.

— George Cummings '64



UNEASY RESTS THE HEAD

Evan Steinberg '64

HE RAN out into the sharp October night. He tore the golden crown from his head and kicked it, gulped down his drink and threw the glass away. Its crash on the street broke the quiet swishing of the leaves.

The cool air blowing against his watery eyes calmed him, soothed him.

"How did it all begin?" he thought, looking around him.

It was a flat neighborhood, with lawns that were long and curbless, punctuated by trees and bushes. The houses were one story, with harlequin eyes where lamplight shone through the curtained windows. Along the wide, even, silky-smooth road lay battalions of leaves, now advancing, now retreating. Some would be burnt, but a few would remain, harbingers of a sad destiny for next spring's green crop.

A mist hung low in the air, adding a halo to the street lights, and deepening the evil of the pumpkins, their faces aflame.

He thought back. He'd come home from his office, exhausted, ready for a quiet night. He went directly to the den, and, bathed in stereo, began to read his magazine. He'd scanned a few pictures and was just reading a biog when his wife ran in. She pulled his bartender's guide off the shelf and pecked his cheek

on her way out. When he heard the tinkle of glasses, he sighed heavily and was after her.

"I leave you alone during afternoons, so you're on the sauce now, huh?"

"Very funny. It just so happens, dear fellow, that whenever we give a party, you always mix the drinks wrong, and it embarrasses me. And come back here."

Halfway out the door, he turned around. "What party? Or are you practicing just in case?"

"Tonight's Halloween party. And don't tell me you forgot. I told you it would be here this year. After all, you're king pin now, ever since that raise. Even the Staceys are way behind you now. So . . . why the frown? Aren't you happy you're the richest person in the neighborhood?"

"Enchante. I'd like to thank all the people who made this possible — my parents, my boss, my secretary, and my wife, who beats me and whispers dollar signs into my ears when I'm asleep at night." He padded quietly away, drooped onto his bed, and fell asleep.

"Hurry up and shower, and get dressed. You'll be late. You haven't even seen the costume. Hail King! Your subjects are about to arrive."

"Well send them away. This palace is in quarantine. I'm suffering from a hangover."

"What?"

"Uh-huh. I've been completely sober for two days, and that's the worst kind."

"Well, king, if you play your cards right, you can crawl into a dark corner after the party's begun. Nobody'll be sober enough to notice you missing."

"You're ungrammatical, and I would not want to crawl into a corner anyway. Too many cobwebs."

He slipped into the king outfit. Upon leaving the room, he shrugged as he realized he'd forgotten to use deodorant. He waited until the group downstairs became silent and then in a regal manner descended the stairs. His wife placed the crown on his head. Everyone lined up to shake his hand, and then they toasted him, and then his wife. And then his house, his car, his wall-to-wall carpeting, his liquor, and pretty soon a committee was formed to dream up toasts.

After a while he couldn't bear it, and ran outside. Some quiet evening! As he stood there sulking, he heard a muffled crackling far away and looked.

A boy was shuffling down the street through the leaves, alone, trying to make himself look, and feel, like a group. He was the oldest boy in the neighborhood. All the others were babies. He'd ring doorbells, and babysitters would answer in their tight sweaters and smile at him, and find some treat for him, and then go back to their comic books. Sometimes he smiled back timidly. Other times he'd just stare.

As the boy came closer, he heard the noise filtering through the screen, muffled by the night air. And he saw the path of light leading up to the door. And then he saw the king, staring at the house and at the path of light leading away from the door.

"Hail king," he said timidly, observing the neighborhood custom. The

man whose yearly income was the largest gave the Halloween party, and was crowned king.

The king took his cue and handed the boy a dollar.

"Hail king!" said the boy more confidently, walking away and looking back over his shoulder. He tripped, and, as he looked down, saw the crown at his feet. A little farther away lay the broken glass in the street. With one stealthy glance around, he picked up the pieces and put them in his bag. He cut his little finger doing so and smiled at the blood.

The king thought back to the time when the rain on the sidewalks had sounded to him like cellophane. "Like cellophane crinkling." That was it. What a way with words. So they recommended advertising.

Suddenly Theolonius Monk boomed through the neighborhood over the fourteen concealed speakers in the king's living room. The king walked out into the street and bent over the crown to examine it. He twisted it and turned it and occasionally some colored glass glittered. In an examining mood, he stayed bent over after putting the crown on his head, and looked at where the glass had lain, shattered, on the street. There was a slight stain.

The stain of glamour. Whatever glamour touches it spots. When you achieve it, it isn't what you expected, so you feel deprived. If you don't achieve it, you feel deprived.

As he walked back into the house, one of his neighbors fell against him and smiled, drooling on his costume. The king poured a tall drink, swallowed it, and then got comfortable on the sofa. He snored for the rest of the party, but nobody heard him.

* * * *

It rained the next morning, a gray depressing rain, and he had to stop for gas on his way to work.

REVIEW



MINGUS

MODES

Richard Kaplan '64

CHARLIE MINGUS: THE BLACK SAINT AND THE SINNER LADY (Impulse 35, s-35) Trumpets: Rolf Ericson, Richard Williams; Trombone: Quentin Jackson; Tuba: Don Butterfield; Soprano, Baritone, and Flute: Jerome Richardson; Tenor Sax and Flute: Dick Hafer; Alto Sax: Charles Mariano; Piano: Jackie Byard; Guitar: Jay Berliner; Bass and Piano: Charlie Mingus; Drums: Danny Richmond.

THE BLACK SAINT AND THE SINNER LADY is without doubt the most mature and excellent work Mingus has ever done and the most amazing jazz release this year. It is not what could be considered "revolutionary": it will found no schools, topple no outdated idols. It is just one hell of a piece of music, and indeed something wondrous considering the mass of uninspired and insipid jazz recordings and even the superior releases, so many of which are curiously cliché-ridden with the all-too familiar patterns and turns and phrases.

Mingus has never been known for conventionality. Unlike many other modern musical rebels, however, he never allows carelessness or what could be called intellectual conceit to pervade or dominate his recordings. Truthfully, it must be admitted that in live dates he is something less than the perfect artist, and is, for all practical purposes, insane: as of this writing he is

on stage in a dirty T-shirt, sloppy trousers and scuffed shoes, with his head shaven to a perfect gleaming, and perhaps with a carton of milk to guzzle on occasion. During a performance he laughs, talks, screams, shouts, calls down to the audience, gives pepper-shakers to people up front, sneers, snickers, and shows a genuine disregard, even contempt at times, for his listeners. (In all fairness it must be admitted that the listeners often show even less regard for the musicians on stage.) The music is often shabbily arranged and shows the obvious effects of careless rehearsals. But that is live. When he enters a recording studio after many weeks of painstaking composing and arranging, he is revelling in a labor of love, and it is well-nigh impossible to find a careless passage or muffled phrase or the least hint of apathy.

Black Saint is the most personal and certainly most ambitious of Mingus'

outputs. Once again his themes are being a Negro and being free. But here there is considerable advancement, both in concept and composition, from his earlier works, which, though exciting, certainly pale to anaemia by comparison. He no longer speaks of being Negro in the earthy and hand-clapping shout and wail gospel of **Blues and Roots**, nor does he make wry and sarcastic comments such as **The Fables of Faubus**. He has grown up considerably, and has abandoned the enjoyable but hardly serious nature of the loose and wild composition, and **Black Saint** is a work grandiose and meaningful without losing any of the Mingus sense of musical adventure and unleashed, unabashed emotion.

The first section of this extended work designed for "listening and dancing", **STOP! LOOK! AND LISTEN! SINNER JIM WHITNEY**, is a rich and multi-mooded introduction. The sounds of the composition become immediately known: a full-blown richness, with hints and half-fulfilled promises of solos. And moods: the work approaches schizophrenia in the constant changing of moods, from toughness to melancholy, from pleasure to ominous danger and foreboding, from bliss to nightmare, as though the "black saint" never achieves any state of happiness which his being Negro and unfree does not destroy. The opening piece establishes itself immediately as hard and brutal, and is only occasionally interrupted from its growls and sarcastic jauntiness by the lovesick lonely sounds of Charlie Mariano as he weeps a little solo of heartbreak.

The second section, **HEARTS' BEAT AND SHADES IN PHYSICAL EMBRACE** is the most soaring and dramatic on the record. After a short piano introduction by Mingus, the ensemble plunges head-long into a passionate piece, all warm and blissful. But flickers of hate and animosity begin to appear. The hands on the piano slide down with a faint hint of New Orleans; the horns blare forth cheap loose sounds: waterfront gangs, black man's cellar, cheap dive on the West Side. The cheapness descends to a driving turbo thrust of pounding and dizziness, a wild dance climaxed by Quentin Jackson's almost unbelievable solo where he shrieks out

"I" while playing the trombone — much as Roland Kirk does as he sings and plays the flute simultaneously — with an almost Jehovistic sound of damnation and horror.

(SOUL FUSION) **FREEWOMAN AND OH, THIS FREEDOM'S SLAVE CRIES** is the most lyrical and brooding section. It opens with an unexpectedly pastoral and happy theme, unabashed in its innocence, with Mingus on piano and Dick Hafer and Jerome Richardson fluting away as peaceful as Pans. Slowly the music takes on a darker face. Hopelessness creeps in; those happy sounds are now burdened with despair. Jay Berliner plays a guitar solo of almost classic lines, which, Mingus says, is meant to be suggestive of the inquisitional times of El Greco's Spain.

Side B is one unending stream of music which is mainly, if not totally, composed of variations on the ideas and moods presented on Side A. There is no break in the playing, although the program notes are roughly divided into three **modes**, **STOP! LOOK! AND SING SONGS OF REVOLUTIONS!**, **SAINT AND SINNER JOIN IN MERRIMENT ON BATTLE FRONT**, and **OF LOVE, PAIN, AND PASSIONED REVOLT**, THEN **FAREWELL MY LOVE, TILL IT'S FREEDOM DAY**. Here is the same fickleness of mood, though in more rapid succession. The feeling is one of frenzy and impatience. The instruments rage and wail with an incurable anxiety. Love, hope, peace, violence: everything intertwines and becomes frenetic. It starts out at last on its final rampaging flurry in a section which can only be described as a jazzed-up rendition of **La Sacre Du Printemps**, though here there is no Death Dance but one of pain and hopeful fervor. When it reaches its climax, the ensemble ceases completely but for Charlie Mariano, who codes the work with a short alto solo rising up in a final note of faith.

To say the least this composition is emotionally draining. At first it must be listened to alone, for it pales in comparison almost any record that dares to compete with it. Mingus says that this record is the start of something new for him. One must certainly hope so.

A final note: the credit cannot go to

Mingus alone, not matter how much
genius he has poured into it, for in such
a work of extreme personal involve-
ment one must have musicians who can
not only play what they themselves feel,

and well, but communicate the com-
poser's feelings and intentions as well.
The superb musicians that Mingus has
gathered around him have certainly
performed this duty to perfection.

EPIPHANY

heavy immovable
gray sky bearing upon those below;
barely breathing hundreds wait,
here slowly falls darkness onto waiting masses;
warm night wrapping those stifled cries.

now:

no thunder
carnival airs below mud
bosoms falling under fog
breathing, a hundred sounds,
dust filling the air,
hands pushing, flattening;
all below
turn and wonder how much further do they go,
always hoping
— save now the lights are covered by dust;
what motion still stirs tires of itself
and under heavy weights even tears do not form,
eyes so tightly shut,
and throats no longer scream;
congestion, tightening spasm, burdening;
not a cry is heard —
fear alone lingers:
afraid that agony may yet appear
before that heavy mass has lost awareness.

breathe heaving
masses low upon the ground
gray clouds cover the land,
falling slowly,
silently,
steadily —
perhaps all are deaf.

— Marshall Mittnick '64



EDITORIALS

QUO VADIS, YOUTH ?

YOUTH, I am told, used to be a time of adventure and pleasure. Perhaps our age is more complex, and everyone has become serious. Or perhaps the modern young American is afraid of the future. Whatever the cause, this change in outlook is not altogether good. Of course, young Americans today are taking an increased interest in world affairs, and are certainly more sophisticated than their parents were when young. But I fear the isolationism and naivete of the past have been too largely replaced by skepticism and fear.

A certain amount of skepticism is necessary for existence, as well as the usual amount of instinctive fear. But a large number of American teenagers today seem to subscribe to the Holden Caulfield type philosophy, blended with fear of The Bomb. Definitely, the fear of extinction has gripped America. Witness the parades of odd-looking types with placards ready and willing to protest almost anything. These individuals, found on the far right as well as left, seem to be in a state of semi-panic. Why? The answer to this question is one of America's greatest social problems.

Through the years, Americans have been conditioned to a fallacy. It has been assumed that total peace is the natural state of mankind, and that anyone who in any way upsets the theoretically perfect peace plan is a radical. Americans have clung to this idea since the founding of our nation. Our governments in the past have tried to further this mythical peace plan by "making friends". As a result "world opinion", two meaningless words, has often been considered above the good of the country. I believe that now Americans have seen that few countries, especially those to whom we are ideologically opposed, care at all about "world opinion" and thus the mythical peace plan has been shaken to its foundations. Those who put consummate faith in the Utopia of the future, now realizing that it is not to be, fear destruction.

It must be realized that peace is not the normal state of mankind. It never has been, and it never will be. Conflicting ideologies always have clashed and always will. History is a continuous struggle of the stronger against the weaker, with the stronger emerging to renew battle against another enemy. By parading around and shuddering at the future, certain Americans are weakening our basic determination not to be shaken in the present battle of nerves, the Cold War. It is important for all Americans to stand together, not afraid of the future and clinging to an impossible theory, but determined to consider the future as a challenge which must be met if America is to emerge the stronger in the current ideological contest.

America's destiny depends on the strength of her citizens, especially her youth. Soon it will be up to us. The die was cast long ago.

Brian McGunigle '64

LORDS AND MASTERS



— Hadley

MR. WILLIAM F. WALSH, the head of the French Department, was born in Somerville, Massachusetts. A graduate of Somerville High School, he received his A.B. and A.M. degrees in Romance languages from Boston College and continued his study of French and Spanish at Middlebury College, the Harvard Graduate School of Education, the University of Paris, and the Escuela Internacional de Verano de Saltillo in the state of Coahuila, Mexico.

Mr. Walsh has taught in the Boston school system for about thirty-seven years. He came to the Latin School in May, 1963, after having taught for three years at English High School.

A much-traveled man, Mr. Walsh has visited many foreign countries. He enjoys golf and reading and is particularly interested in books dealing with philosophy.

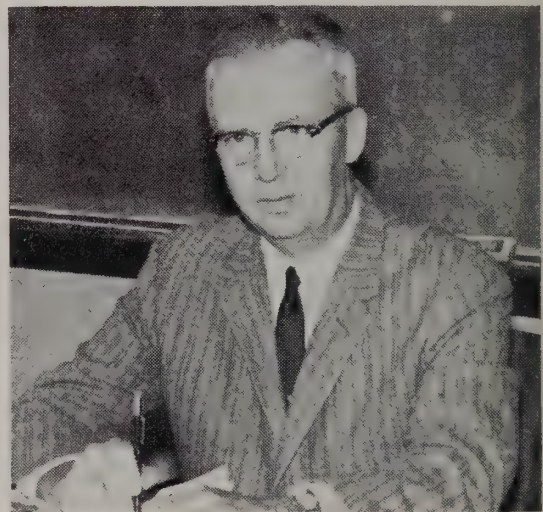
Mr. Walsh is "very much impressed with the intellectual potential of students in the Latin School. They have the ability to learn to a degree that many people do not have. Young people well endowed in this respect and who, in addition, possess drive and purpose don't have to worry too much, it seems to me, about their future place in an evermore automated economy. They are going to be needed."

We wish Mr. Walsh a pleasant and satisfying stay at the Latin School.

MR. LANDRIGAN, co-head of the English Department and teacher of English in room 209, was born and educated in Boston. After finishing Boston Latin School, he attended Boston College where he received his Master's Degree in 1930. He has had a wide teaching experience chiefly in Boston. He has taught in a private school in New York State, at Roslindale High School and Girl's Latin School, and for the past two years at Boston Latin School.

Mr. Landrigan stresses one point in his teaching: One should not go to high school just for a diploma but for a true education. He insists on the importance of learning to express one's self adequately in writing. Probably the most important factor in college work, Mr. Landrigan feels, is that of reading; reading on all subjects, in all forms, and from many different authors. "Only by reading", he says, "will a student be successful in college work."

Mr. Landrigan would like to see two periods of English every day, one for developing verbal communication and one for studying literature. He believes that the Latin School has achieved its eminent position by turning out well-rounded, mature people of strong character and that the main objective of the Latin School should be to instill in future alumni these same qualities.



— Hadley

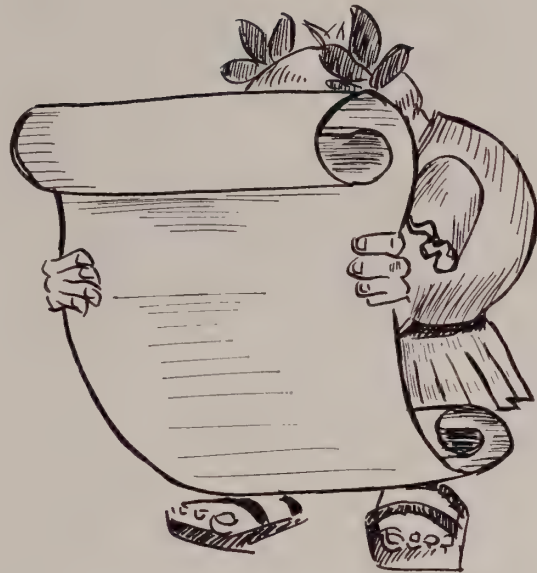
SOMETHING OF INTEREST

ONCE AGAIN, the **Register** has completed a very successful year. In a nationwide contest sponsored by the **New York Times** and Saint Bonaventure University, our staff literally ran away with the competition. Marty Bickman (now attending Amherst College) was awarded two first places for fiction and editorials. Prizes for fiction were also won by writers Bob Mulholland (second place) and Richard Kaplan (honorable mention). Artists Jack Garrity, Kurt Downing, and George Fishman received awards, also. Literary advisor, Mr. Roche, was the recipient of the "Faculty Advisor of the Year" citation. In addition, the **Register** took top honors in the **Boston Globe**, The Boston University and Columbia Scholastic Press Association contests. With the continued support of the student body, our magazine will remain an outstanding scholastic publication in the country.

Congratulations to seniors Marty Flashman, Brian McGunigle, Marshall Mittnick, Steve Ross, Barry Schneider, and Peter Silverstein, for having been named semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Test. They will soon try to qualify for scholarships with another examination in December. Thirty-three other seniors have received Letters of Commendation.

On October 31, the Key Club presented its annual Vandalism Assembly. The three speakers, Al Danylevich, Charlie Ferullo, and Richard Curtis, discussed juvenile delinquency in connection with Halloween. A brief film, showing the effects of vandalism, was then shown.

The **Register** wishes to congratulate Dan Needham of Class I, who has been announced the winner of the Mullen Award, presented annually to an outstanding member of the Greater Boston



C. Y. O. Dan was also elected Co-President of the Suffolk South Deanery.

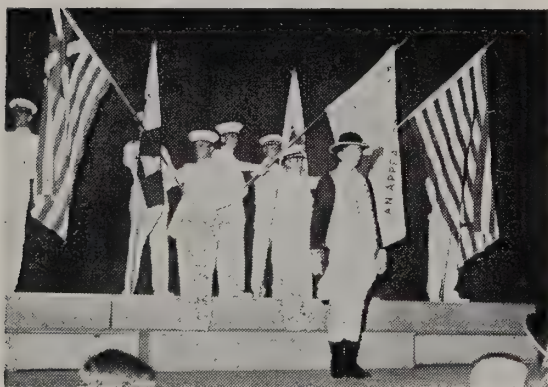
The south-west corner of the third floor was the scene of the frenzied activities of our power-hungry seniors as the elections drew near. The walls were covered with campaign posters and signs, and it was temporarily doubtful whether or not there were any walls underneath. Eager student candidates could be found everywhere handing out cards urging voter support. In fact, when the list of those running for office was compared with the class list, only the name of Bronislaw Zambodja was found missing. Once again the **Register** has the full story. When cornered in the lunchroom, Brony said he was not running because he was afraid someone would make up a slogan against him like "If you like cole slaw, then vote Bronislaw!" The results of the heatedly contested battle were: Brian McGunigle (President); Tony Palermo (Vice-President); Bill Potter (Secretary); Dan Needham (Treasurer); and Class Committee members, Tom Branca (Chairman),

Charlie Elboim, Joel Getman, Ed Murphy, and Dave Stanhewicz.

The Book Store, opened last January, has resumed its services to the school, under the able leadership of Mr. James Doherty. The first of its kind in the city, it is operated entirely by members of the Professional Club. Here can be found a fine selection of books on a wide number of topics, including many of those on the summer reading lists. As a result of its efforts last year, \$400 were contributed to the school library, as well as \$600 to the Scholarship Fund. The Book Store's continued success depends upon the support of the students.

On Thursday, October 24, the Military Science Club sponsored a field trip to the Army Research Test Center at Natick. The boys were given a guided tour by personnel who showed them the various concentrated foods and experimental clothing soon to be used by our astronauts. This is one of several such trips which Colonel Kelly has planned this year.

On the following day, the nationally famous Pageant of Flags was presented at the Latin School by the cadets of the Naval Air Training Base at Pensacola, Florida. The moderator, Lieutenant Thompson, USN, explained how the flags of other nations influenced the making of our own, and traced the American Flag through its formative years, up through the present. During this, the cadets displayed the various banners, while the Naval Air Base Band accompanied them with music representative of each period. After the ceremony, fifty new flags were presented to the Latin School to be placed in the homerooms.



— Wish



— Hadley

On Saturday night Oct. 26, the Key Clubs from Boston Latin and Cambridge Latin gave an appreciation dinner for their advisors at Polcari's Restaurant in Boston. After a delicious meal, the members presented plaques to Mr. Vara and President Howie Pruzon.

On Dec. 5, the Social Science Club and B.L.S. were hosts to representatives from various high schools participating in the Latin American Conference. At nine coffee was served in the school library. The keynote speech was given in the auditorium by Mr. Walter Campos, the Brazilian Ambassador. After two other interesting speakers, the representatives adjourned to the assigned conference rooms to discuss the topic "Latin American Relations". Then in the Drill Hall we viewed exhibitions supplied by the Pan-American Society and the World Affairs Council. We later lunched and were entertained by the Boston Latin School Dance Band, which played rhythmic South American music. After a short movie, the conference adjourned.

In this issue, the **Register's** "Famous Alumni" column features an actor, a publisher, a doctor, and a NASA scientist.

Howard Lindsay ('07), a classmate of Mr. Levine, delighted all with his dramatic voice and his forensic ability in the classroom and on the school hall

platform. After studying the dramatic arts, his first love in life, he became a stage director, an author and an actor, and in 1939 produced and acted in "Life with Father". He won the B. L. S. "Man of the Year" award in 1956.

Roy Larsen ('17) is publisher of **Time, Inc., Fortune, and Life**. In school he won several academic prizes and three letters in sports; he also served on the Class Committee and as Lt. Colonel of his regiment. He has been on the Board of Overseers at Harvard, a Trustee of the New York Public Library, and Chairman of the National Citizens Committee for the Public Schools.

Dr. Paul M. Zoll ('28) graduated from Harvard "summa cum laude" with the "Sigma Xi" award and received his M.D. ('36) from Harvard Medical. He interned at the Beth Israel Hospital and became a heart disease expert; he was instrumental in inventing the "pace-

maker", a mechanical heart stimulator that has added years of life and comfort to cardiac patients.

Dr. Albert J. Kelley ('42), Ph.D., was Co-Captain of the football team and Colonel of the Cadet Regiment; he won the Patrick T. Campbell Memorial Scholarship and various other academic prizes. A graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy ('45), he completed graduate studies in electronic engineering at M. I. T. He has served since early 1962 as Manager of the NASA Electronics Research Task Group. He was chosen as the main speaker at the B. L. S. Thanksgiving Eve Reunion of Nov. 27, 1963.

Certainly these men who began Latin School as we have done, have given us sufficient example and inspiration to urge us on to the highest limits and to act nobly when our call for greatness comes. *Ad astra, per aspera!*

RÊVERIE

Time is loneliness;
Thinking is sorrow.
These are my thoughts on a summer night,
A lonely self-pitying July night.

The ugly crowd,
A throng of perpetual hypocrites,
Creates in me a ghostly solitude.
Invisible, I move around
Through the mirrored mass,
The prejudiced snobs,
The pitiful sheep.

Perhaps I too am guilty: NO.
My solitude insures my innocence.

Will this forever be the fate of our war-worn world?
Love, not tolerance?
Truth, not pretence?
A vain hope.

But time: be no longer my excuse.
Inevitable loneliness: be no longer my destiny.
Is the right mine to command?
Is egocentricity wrong?
"There is nothing either right or wrong,
But thinking makes it so."
Thinking is sorrow.

— Richard Eber '64



SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Latin vs. Dorchester

Latin, despite a slight opening-game case of fumble-itis, was strong enough to down a troublesome Dot eleven 20-0. Much of the Purple offense was supplied by Mike Concannon, who ran all over Franklin Park. The only scoring of the first half came when a young lad from Dorchester, attempting to pass from his own end zone, found himself in the unfriendly clutches of Jim Davis and Mike Quinn for a safety.

Our heroes, often hurt by fumbles, were still hanging on to a 2-0 lead midway through the third quarter when Paul Masi took over alone at quarterback. In ten minutes, Latin had three touchdowns, two of them on one-yard plunges by Bobby Allen and Concannon. Sandwiched between these two scores was a beautiful 75-yard jaunt to the Dorchester end zone by Mr. Concannon who could have led the School-boy Parade through his hole in the right side of the Dot line. FEATURES AND FELICITATIONS: Dot got some big yardage on three fake kicks, one of them a 43-yard field goal "attempt." Wonder how many people that one fooled. Despite the heroics of Concannon and the play-calling of Masi, it was the defense that held Dorchester scoreless and made a two point lead stand up for twenty minutes. Frank Guidara led the Frolicking Foursome up front,

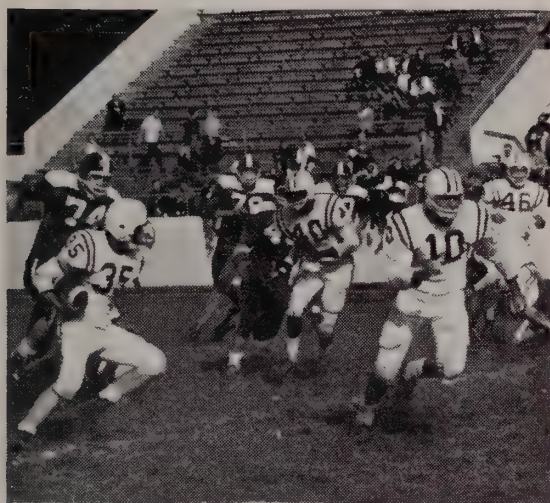


— Wish

and Jim Davis, one of the finest two-way players on the squad, played a tremendous game at his corner-linebacker spot. Especially brilliant was the play of middle-linebacker, "Quahog" Quinn, who could not have been in Dot's hair any more if he were a tube of Bryl-cream. The "Quo" also tried to kick 2 PAT's but we'll have to wait to find out if we have a new Gino Cappalletti in our midst; both tries were blocked.

Latin vs. Technical

Against Technical, Latin drew first blood in period number one, when Mike Concannon (105 yards in 17 carries) ripped off twenty-five yard runs and slammed over from the two. Late in the second quarter, Tech drove to the Latin 17, aided by a big interference call. For three plays, the Latin defense led by big Jim Davis held on; but on fourth and nine, Tech completed a pass to score. Fullback Marshall added a two-point conversion, and the half ended with Latin down 8-6.



— Hadley

As the second half started, Mike Quinn, who, regardless of the final score, played another great game, pounced on a fumble at the Tech 30. On three straight running plays, Concannon had Latin back out in front, 12-8. Once again, however, Latin failed to get the conversion.

In the fourth quarter, Tech clicked on a quick pass play that covered seventy yards, and Latin suddenly trailed 14-12. Our heroes were down but not out: Concannon took a screen pass to the Tech 30 — called back; Allen put a punt out of bounds on the Tech 2 — called back; Concannon did a repeat performance of the screen play, and so did the officials — called back. With half a minute left, state sprint champ Carl Farmer scored a meaningless TD for Tech, and the final score of an agonizing ball game that could have gone either way, and should have gone our way, was Tech 20, Latin 12. If you gotta lose, this is definitely not the way to do it.

Latin vs. Trade

It looked more like March 17 than October 17, as those gay sons of Erin named Donovan, Davis, Concannon, and Shea led Latin over a game but sadly undermanned Trade eleven 27-6. With Allen injured and Janey not up to offensive assignments, Jim Davis was moved from tight end to flankerback, and Chris Shea found himself in the starting backfield. Christopher responded by scampering 55 yards on the first play from scrimmage and by collecting a total of 100 yards in the first half.

Latin had to wait until the latter portion of the first quarter to hit the scoreboard when Mike Concannon capped off a long drive by scoring from the one. A few minutes later, after Shea had moved the ball to the Trade 38, Jack Donovan, who played the whole game at quarterback, hit Davis for a touchdown. Shea then gave Latin their first conversion of the year, making the score 14-0. The Latin defensive unit sparked by linebackers Norkus, Quinn, and Davis, and backs Janey and Masi, kept the Tradesmen bottled up in their own territory for the balance of the first half. A minute before the gun, Jim Davis managed to shake two Trade defenders long enough to snare a long, floating aerial from Donovan, and proceeded to walk into the end zone, making the half-time score 20-0.

After a neutral third period, Coach Lambert decided it was time to clear the bench. Only against the second string was Trade able to save itself from the ignominy of a shutout when



— Hadley

Joe Vigliotte lugged a flare pass 36 yards into the Latin end zone. In the fading moments of the game, Cliff Janey entered the game long enough to grab a screen pass from Donovan and scoot 40 yards to paydirt. "Quahog" Quinn then kicked his first PAT for a final 27-6 count. COMMENTS AND CONGRATS: If Jim Davis tackled any harder, he'd have to wear a license plate. . . . Crazy-legs Shea waited three years to be a hero, and cashed in on his first chance; that opening run, incidentally, was wild enough to put Shea's picture in the paper. . . . The hitherto unmentioned linesmen played a tremendous game. Congratulations to tackles Takach and Guidara, ends Timpson and White (who started his first game), and defensive spark-plug Bob Holland. . . . Hats off also to John Donovan for his fine play and especially for his three touchdown passes.

Latin vs. B. C. High

In a well-played defensive battle, Latin had enough steam to down B. C. High, 14-0. This week it was Paul Masi's turn to run the team, and the junior quarterback led the Purple on two long drives in the first half that decided the game.

After Latin received the opening kick-off, Masi, mixing his plays very well, hit Jimmy Davis with three first down passes, sent Mike Concannon and Bobby Allen scampering all over the field, and shocked everybody by calling a reverse play with end Bill Timpson carrying for 15 yards. Allen finished the march by slicing in from the one, and Davis, after a nice fake, grabbed a pass for two extra points. In period number two, Latin paraded 60 yards for another score, as passes to Davis and Timpson put the ball on the Eaglet four, whence Cliff Janey picked up the six-pointer.

An end zone fumble by the Maroon preserved the shutout in the second half. There was no further scoring.

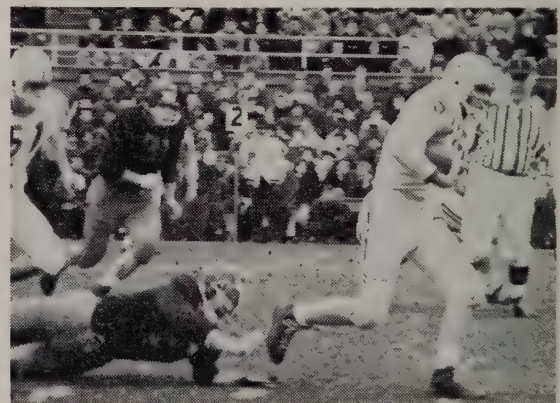
PIGSKIN PERAPATETICS: Bob Allen, the joltin' junior, is getting all kinds of praise for his running, but his truculent toe has been a great help also. Today, after picking up a bad snap and almost having his punt blocked, he got off a 40 yarder (Figuring from scrimmage!). His kick-offs have also been booming jobs.

Latin vs. English

An incensed Latin team, mindful of its role as sacrificial victims the last two years and perturbed by newspaper stories that called English "heavy favorites", out-hustled English, out-defensed English, and even out-ran English. Why they did not out-score English man will never know. In the first half, Latin controlled the ball on the running of Janey and Allen, whose agarian preambulations totaled 115 yards, and the passing of Paul Masi. With 55 seconds left in the half, three quick passes by English broke first blood as they took a 6-0 halftime lead.

An opening kickoff runback to start the second half put Latin down by a 12-0 count. But not for long, as a picture-book pass from Masi to Dan Needham was good for 44 yards and 6 points. Two minutes later, a blocked punt traveled about one yard before it was stopped by the sizable midriff of Frank Guidara; Mike Concannon grabbed the loose ball in the end zone, and it was all tied up 12-12. With both teams playing very deliberate ball, a blocked Latin punt was recovered by English on the Latin 30, and four plays later the Blue and Blue had an 18-12 lead. A last thrust by the Purple was repelled in the last minute, and all of Latin retired to a rather tasteless Thanksgiving dinner.

TEARS AND TURKEY: English got the big break of the game in the first half, when a 40 yard bomb from Masi to Davis was called back. . . . Even without the 40 yards, Masi's passes were good for 190 yards, if yours truly's statistics can be trusted. . . . Loss or no loss, Latin had the most exciting team in the city, with its passing, kicking, and personalities.



— Wish

CROSS-COUNTRY

Cross-country, as a school sport is growing in popularity. Though not a spectator sport, it still provides many thrills and is as strenuous a sport as any. Contestants must race over a 2½ mile course in the hills and dales of Franklin Park. The conditioning acquired in cross-country is an excellent way of getting into shape for all winter and spring sports.

This year's cross-country team was the most successful Latin squad of recent years. In the first meet, Latin harriers took the first eight places, thereby shutting out Dorchester and Trade with a perfect score of 15 points, a rarity in cross-country. The following week saw Latin upset perennial champion Technical by capturing five of the first seven places.

In the City Meet junior Bill Donegan, the team's top runner, was knocked down at the outset; consequently, the Purple had to settle for third place. The team bounced back, however, from this disappointing race, and, but for a few bad breaks, surely would have been Regimental Champions. In the Reggies, the final score read Tech 41, Latin 44. This three point deficit would have been overcome, but Chuck DiSessa, a consistent high finisher, suffered a severe muscle pull. The 85 degree heat



—Woo

was also a factor; more than 50 runners, out of a field of over 200 starters, failed to finish.

In the State Meet Latin led all competing city schools to the finish line.

Congratulations go to freshman sensation Kenny Paige, who took third place in the Catholic Memorial Invitational Meet. Our freshman team also captured third place in this meet.

Although Chuck DiSessa, whose mother's delicious spaghetti keeps him going, John Seibert, and Jim Sawdy will be lost through graduation, next year's Latin squad should be the city power, with its nucleus formed by juniors Bill Donegan, Cal Campagna, Ronnie Baker, Paul Hayes, and freshman Ken Paige.

FALL CREW

This season's fall crew really started off with a bang. Tension was in the air on the day of the first race, and the Latin oarsmen could hardly wait to shove off. The race was a disappointment, however, as English and Technical took an early lead; Latin was left in their spray to battle it out with Trade. For the last twenty-five yards both boats were exactly even. Suddenly Trade swerved in our path. There was a gnawing of oars and a grinding of wood. Apparently the judges didn't see anything, as no disqualifications were called. Trade came in third; we, last.

Our boys were really mad now, and could hardly wait for the next encounter. Mr. Vara, before the second race said, "You people want revenge? Then go get them!" Well, we really got them. Trade didn't know what happened, and I think English was becoming a little worried too. This race was the real turning point of the whole season. Everyone who saw the practices, even the English coach, said it looked as if we had what it takes. An unfortunate mix up in the lanes and we came in third.

Despite the loss, spirits were running high. In the next few days, the boys

were really put through the paces: several miles a day of l-o-n-g strokes and then a couple of times around "the island." We were sure that next week would be it. Our sweat would pay off, come h— or high water.

That Thursday the boats were lined up in the stalls. There was not a sound. Suddenly a whistle pierced the air and everything seemed to happen at once. First it was English, then Tech, then us. Soon the gaps began to appear and we found ourselves 50 yards behind English, in turn about 15 behind the leader, Technical High. After the grueling mile, all the boats finished in that same order

except that we were now within 10 yards of English. Everybody finished except poor ol' Trade. About half a mile up the river you could see the boys fishing.

Every year Mr. Vara says that this is THE year. I feel sure that this spring will be the season that he has been waiting for so patiently. A great deal of credit must inevitably go to the boys who really came through when things got tough: Turrell the coxswain, Haddad, Robins, Finger, Hughes, Brennan, Baird, Zunder, and Kavanaugh. Special thanks go to Mr. V. for his usual fine work.

SOCCER

In the past, the **Register** has always made it a point to harp upon the appalling lack of school support and student interest in the ancient sport of soccer. This time, however, it will not be mentioned. It will not be mentioned that on the day of the Boston Latin-Roxbury Latin game, the entire student body of Roxbury Latin turned out to root for their team in the time-honored classic or that only four boys showed up to cheer for the Purple. Ask not, men of Latin School, what your soccer team can do for you; ask rather what you can do for your soccer team. So much for that. Now on to the unimportant things.

After getting off to a flying start with

a 5-1 victory over St. John's-St. Hughes, the Purple encountered their first real opposition in their second clash, against a vastly improved English team. Stan Dashawetz scored the winning goal in a tense second half to send Latin home with their second straight shutout triumph. Left on the short end of a 5-0 count against Needham High, Latin rebounded to tie both favored Medford and Milton, accounting for the only blemishes on either school's record. Quincy High defeated the Purple booters in a heartbreaking game. With the score tied at one all late in the fourth quarter, the referee awarded a penalty shot to Quincy which provided the South Shore Invaders with a 2-1 victory.

This loss left Latin with a 3-2-2 record to carry into THE game, the afore-mentioned clash with Roxbury Latin. After a scoreless first half, both teams returned to the field doggedly determined to win. It was an indestructable force meeting an immovable object, however, as neither team could score and the regulation game ended a scoreless tie. In the first overtime period, Latin broke through on a fast break to score the only goal of the game and to defeat Roxbury Latin for the first time in six years.

Congratulations go to all the boys for their fine spirit and hustle, and to Mr. Hoelzel for an outstanding job.



— Wish



THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Sept. 5: Ye R.R.R. has discovered that September is one of the particularly depressing months in which to start school. The others are July, January, October, April, November, May, March, June, December, August, and February.

Sept. 6: Student Query: Why would the Ancient Mariner make a bad short-stop?

Learned Response: Because he stop-peth one of three.

Sept. 10: Today Ye R.R.R. was generously described as one of those fine boys in Class 1 "who make the upper ninety per cent of the class possible."

Sept. 12: Overheard:

"... and discuss in a short paragraph the location and structure of the kid-leys."

"Sir, I take it you mean 'kidneys'."

"Lookit, Snedman, I said kidleys, didle I?"

Sept. 13: This afternoon's meeting of the Aardvarks is postponed. The Supreme Exalted Invincible Potentate is staying after school.

Sept. 17: "Sir, which is preferable, .2 or a fifth?"

"Nothing, my boy, is preferable to a fifth, except, perhaps, two fifths."

Sept. 20: Overheard:

"How much are these bookcovers?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for one?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Here's a dime. I'll take the other one."

Sept. 23: The main course of Chief Ballylaff's birthday feast was a tender missionary especially fattened for that occasion. Unfortunately, just at the meal's end, Chief Ballylaff retired quickly to the royal WC. Returning shortly thereafter, he explained: "It's like I always told you; you can't keep a good man down."

Sept. 24: Overheard in 319:

"Listen, Willie, if I want any cracks out of you, I'll tap on your head."

Sept. 30: Today Ye R.R.R., the Ponce de Leon of B.L.S., found a water fountain that actually works!!

Oct. 1: Overheard in 307:

"I'm willing to admit that I may not always be right—but I'm never wrong."

Oct. 4: The last question on next week's math test:

- "What goes ninety-nine clump?"
A centipede with a wooden leg.
- Oct. 8:** Wilbur: "Why is there such a low divorce rate among horses?"
Mr. Ed: "Their marriages are very stable."
- Oct. 9:** After weeks of meticulous investigation, Ye R.R.R. has ascertained that the knight most responsible for the Round Table was none other than Sir Cumference.
- Oct. 17:** Overheard in 208 (during simulated tour):
Master: "Here at Bunker Hill is the place where the first American fell in battle."
Student (looking up at monument): "Quite a fall!"
- Oct. 21:** Today Ye R.R.R. was designated as the "soft drink student" — happy with any mark from 7 up.
- Oct. 22:** Overheard at Sparr's:
"Got anything in blank report cards?"
- Oct. 24:** Ye R.R.R. has definitely been overcome with the logic of the senior class election platforms. Where else but in Latin School could the "Arab Partei" join in the fight against "watery baked beans?"
- Oct. 29:** Overheard in 318:
"In order to compute the density of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, we . . ."
- Oct. 31:** Overheard:
"I'll censure the next bird who asks me if I'm going trick or treating to-night . . . of course I am!"
- Nov. 4:** Drama in Real Life in 106:
"Miss Taylor . . . my back . . . I'm in pain. . . . Groan. . . . Groan. . . . Ahhh. . . . That's much better. Was it my sacroiliac?" . . . "No, your suspenders were twisted."
- Nov. 5:** Senior: "Congratulate me. I've just won the class elections."
Twosie (surprised): "Honestly?"
Senior: "Now what did you have to go and bring that up for?"
- Nov. 6:** Ye R.R.R. was told that he was the proud possessor of an open mind that should be closed for repairs.
- Nov. 7:** Overheard:
"Boys, if you're looking for someone who has a little common sense, come to me. . . . I've got as little as anyone else."
- Nov. 11:** After hours of thoughtful deliberation, Ye R.R.R. has made his decision: there will be none of those puerile "Tom Swifties" in this column — decidedly.
- Nov. 13:** Today in gym Ye R.R.R. got three marks for uniform deficiency — a fact which Miss Taylor has known for years.
- Nov. 14:** Order of the Day: Snoring in the building is strictly prohibited.
- Nov. 15:** FRAUD! Today Ye R.R.R. finished uncrating his new, imported, two shift, eight gear, deluxe, super sleek, fire engine red racing bicycle, and took it on a trial run. Ye R.R.R., expecting blazing speed, was horrified to find that his bike would go only as fast as it was pedalled!!
- Nov. 20:** Ye R.R.R. recently composed a poem about crime entitled "Vice Versa."
- Nov. 22:** Definition of a scared wire: one which is frayed.
- Nov. 25:** Ye R.R.R., having had his teeth knocked out for poor humor, went to the dentist with a dollar. Ye R.R.R. then purchased a set of buck teeth. . . .

DAWN

The sun peaks over the wall
To find its foe
Gone.

— George Cummings '64

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